Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

THE GREENHOUSE.

Through roof of glass the sunlight streams,
Life, light and warmth are in its beams,
The air is filled with odors sweet,
And blossoms bright the eye do meet;
The missions of these flowers fair
Are various as the names they bear;
They side by side in beauty bloom,
Some for the bridal, some the tomb;
These shall the brow of beauty grace,
Or wither in a costly vase;
These may to some poor sufferer bring
The thought of childhood and of spring,
The May-flowers' fragrance sweet recall
The babbling brooks, the old stone wall
On which he stood, that he might see
The bird's nest hidden in the tree.
This rosebud, ere its leaves unfold,
May tell a tale that's very old,
Yet always new and sweet to hear
When first it falls upon the ear;
Or buried long in some old book,
In token of some word or look,
The owner wondering some day why
She kept that flower so old and dry.
To prima donna these are tossed,
He caring little what they cost,
Her music so his soul has thrilled,
And with her charms his heart is filled.
This bunch of violets, fresh and bright,
Ere sun shall set another night,
Strewn round a narrow, tiny bed,
O'er which a mother's tears are shed,
May then be shut from light away,
To wither with the lovely clay.
Ye pinks, what fragrance ye exhale!
Yet in that hand so still and pale,
And with the brow where genius glowed,
And lips from which such beauty flowed,
Your sweetness and your life shall fade
Within the silence and the shade,
With hopes of many a true, warm heart,
Of which his life had formed a part.
Oh! Mother Earth, within thy breast
It is not all that's laid to rest,
When our loved ones to thee we trust,
To mingle once again with dust,
Our hope, ambition and our pride,
The greensward o'er thy mound doth hide;
Our minds in darkness grope, nor see
The light that may arise from thee.
The skillful gardener trains with care
The vine and the exotic rare,
And so the mother florist trains
Her flowers with much of care and pains.
They side by side in beauty bloom,
Some for the bridal, some the tomb,

—*Mrs. J. W. Norcross, in Boston Trancript.*

A CURIOUS DISPOSITION.

Three ladies were seated in Agatha Foster's parlor: Miss Fortescue, large, dark and of uncertain age, who monopolized the most comfortable arm-chair; Mrs. Becker, shrunken and sandy, who was constantly sliding off the sofa and reinstating herself with a jerk, and Miss Agatha herself, who sat apart from the others, glancing out of the window, as if distressed by their garrulity. Miss Agatha was a fair young woman, with a noble head and a countenance expressive of all grace and goodness. Yet at this moment she entertained feelings decidedly hostile to her callers, who had run in, with the familiar freedom of fellow-boarders in a family hotel, to chat away the afternoon. At heart they were immensely sorry that Miss Nannie Foster had not yet returned from a suburb, where she had gone the day before. Miss Nannie, Agatha's cousin, companion and chaperone in one, was far more to their taste; she was more attentive, more easily impressed, more sympathetic, they thought. She never sat looking out the window when they were retailing their choicest bits of scandal for her especial benefit. But then she was a woman of years. However, they still lingered; it was a pleasant place. The Fosters had the handsomest suite in the building—and furnished with such taste! Such carpets! Such decorative art! And the Fosters were tip-top people. There were four of them, Miss Agatha, her two bachelor brothers, ten and a dozen years her senior, and Miss Nannie, who, since their parents' death, had kept the children together. The winter day drew to a close, the room grew dusky, and still the ladies lingered.

Agatha could endure it no longer; this, of all days, she was without patience. She rose quickly.

"Ladies," she said, with an indignant quiver in her sweet contralto voice, "you must excuse me. I can not listen to such conversation!"

There was silence a moment; then Miss Fortescue lifted her cumbrous frame. "Oh, certainly. I quite understand. We will withdraw. We do not wish to offend."

"Oh, certainly," faintly echoed Mrs. Becker, sliding from the sofa for the last time and preparing to follow.

Agatha's impatience only increased. "And allow me to say," she exclaimed, with no compunction, "that I think ladies might be better employed than with their neighbors' affairs."

"Good afternoon," said Miss Fortesque, savagely.

"Good afternoon," sneered Mrs. Becker.

"Good riddance!" cried Agatha, sharply, ere the door had closed.

"To-day of all days," she said, as she walked to and fro in the dusk. Presently the door opened.

"All in the dark, Agatha," asked a cheery voice.

"I thought you would never come, Nannie," was the swift, unnerved reply. Then she lit the gas.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?"

"I have just put Miss Fortescue and Mrs. Becker out of the room, and it—it has annoyed me."

"Dear me! What had they done?"

"The same old sickening gossip. Miss Bruce flirts on the street; Mr. and Mrs. Brown have shown no marriage certificate; Mrs. Gray holds her step-child to the fire to burn it, and so on and so on."

"They get their ideas from the morning papers," said Nannie, calmly, unclasping her fur-lined circular. "The step-mother holding the child to the fire is a favorite paragraph when news is scarce. Sometimes she heats the flat-iron. For my part, I would never go to that trouble."

But Agatha could not respond to her staid humor. She helped put away the wraps, and inquired after the suburban friends.

"You look pale; aren't you well?" asked Miss Nannie, when they were seated.

The girl dropped her eyes. "Nannie, I have some news for you," she said, with an effort. "I—last night—I promised Mr. Peters—to—to marry him." Then she sighed as if relieved of a great burden.

The room was still, utterly still. If Miss Nannie were surprised or shocked she gave no token. She only sat quietly looking at the girl and taking time to collect her thoughts. Agatha never lifted yer eyes until, after some moments, her cousin cleared her throat and tranquilly inquired: "Well, dear, are you satisfied that you will be happy?"

Then the girl rose and threw herself upon the sofa. "O, Nannie, I don't know; I can't tell."

More silence. Then Miss Nannie asked if she had told the boys?

To these women George and Lewis would be "the boys" as long as they lived.

"I told George at noon," replied Agatha, in a voice heavy with sobs. "Lewis was not here. I wish you would tell him."

"And what did George say?"

"He only said: 'I congratulate Peters.'"

Miss Nannie leaned back in the chair and meditated, bringing Peters up for a mental review. Poor little whiffet! To be sure, he had money, some social standing and a fair education. They had known him a long, long time, and even felt for him a sort of distant relatives' affection. They would do anything in the world for him. He often took Agatha about, to places of amusement, to church, or riding. But he was at least fifteen years her senior, and they had never dreamed of his aspiring to marry her. His appearance was pitifully against him. Miss Nannie reviewed his bad build, his bowed legs, his "wild eye," as she called it, a suspicious eye that seemed to skirmish about the room while its mate regarded you with steadfast respect. Then she turned her thoughts to Agatha—Agatha, perfect in face and figure and ennobled by education and advantages—Agatha, for whom a Senator had proposed and a Congressman languished, to say nothing of her lesser adorers—Agatha, who had rejected the Senator because he lacked principle and the Congressman because he was a widower.

Nannie remembered that the girl had suffered and shed tears over refusing these and others. She had a curious disposition, as the boys had said.

At length Nannie roused and spoke: "I will tell Lewis; and now, dear, you had better dress, it is near dinner-time. A little Florida-water will cool your cheeks"—

"Hark!" cried Agatha, "there he is, now—gone into his room."

Nannie recognized the clumsy step Lewis had never yet come up those stairs without tripping at the top; the rushing, impetuous way of his boyhood would always cling to him.

"I am going at once to tell him, before George comes," said Nannie, rising.

"Yes, do," sighed Agatha. And when her cousin had gone out across the corridor, and her tap had been welcomed by a careless "Come in!" the young girl stole after and listened at the crack of her brother's door.

"Lewis, I have news for you," said Nannie, gently, and there was a hidden sob in her fond voice. "Agatha has promised—to marry Mr. Peters."

"O Lord!" cried Lewis, in open-mouthed disgust.

Agatha crept away from the door; her face was burning and her heart beat hard.

But Miss Nannie remained awhile in her cousin's chamber.

"Lewis," she said, quietly, "I suppose we all feel the same over this—matter? Agatha says when she told George he remarked that he "congratulated Peters.'"

"Well, this is too bad," said Lewis, indignantly. "It is a shame if a girl with her face and brains can't do better. She is altogether too soft-hearted. She would have married all the men who ever proposed, if we had let her, and out of sheer pity, not because she cared for them. That is why she accepted Peters; couldn't bear to hurt his feelings—didn't want his straight eye to suffuse with tears! We must do something to prevent."

Nannie smiled deprecatingly: "We must be very careful. Agatha has a curious disposition, and, if she thought we were all against him, she would only pity him the more."

"If there were only some way to dispose of him," exclaimed Lewis, grimly; "if we could send him out with the next Arctic expedition"—

Nannie rose. "You will be very careful what you say, Lewis?"

"Oh, of course."

She lingered at the door. "Agatha has not a forceless nature, by any means," she said; "she can get angry if she cares to. She tells me she put Miss Fortescue and Mrs. Becker out of our parlor to-day, because of their vile gossip. I have no doubt she did."

"Humph!"

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Agatha came down to dinner with her face composed and her manner gracious as ever. Her inward defiance was not outwardly manifest. Of her family, George was a shade more dignified than usual, and Lewis appeared annoyed, while Nannie put on a regretful look and occasionally sighed. When they left the dining-room Agatha swept haughtily by the table at which sat the Fortescue and the Becker. She was done with the twain and intended they should see it.

Up in their own parlor, George sat down by his sister. "Agatha," he said, slowly and with an evident distaste for the subject, "do you think you did well to engage yourself to Mr. Peters before consulting your family?"

"I was of age three years ago," she said, regarding him with serious dignity.

"Yes, yes, of course. But there is such a thing as advice. Mr. Peters is our good friend, but *is* he a suitable husband for you?"

"What is there against him?" she asked, unflinchingly. She was not blind to her lover's bodily imperfections. She had lain awake all night, mentally endeavoring to straighten his crooked limbs and control his recreant orb. But with daylight they had dawned upon her as uncompromising as ever.

But George would not stoop to personalities. "Nothing," he answered, quietly. "Only we have looked very high for you. We want you to be happy."

"Then do not speak against Mr. Peters," she said, in a way that seemed to dismiss the subject.

George betook himself to his own room and Lewis took his place by Agatha. "I suppose I am to congratulate," he said, with a careless disregard of Nannie's injunctions.

"You do not seem very enthusiastic," responded his sister, calmly, recalling his secretly-heard exclamation upon first learning the news.

"I can't help it if I don't," he answered, half-impatiently. "You know how proud we are of you, Gath, and we can't be expected to think any man good enough."

She smiled.

He went on recklessly: "I don't believe you knew what you were doing. You don't love Peters, you only pity him, just as you used to pity the Senator and all the rest. This crooked little curmudgeon! Why, he is older than George, and cross-eyed"—

She sprang up in a rage: "Lewis, you have said quite enough. Never speak so again to me; I forbid it!"

Then she sought her own chamber and threw herself upon the bed.

Nannie came to her after awhile. "My poor darling! Why are you feeling so bad?"

"Lewis has been saying such awful things!"

"And are you quite sure you have made no mistake?"

"Quite sure."

She rose and arranged her toilet; Mr. Peters was to come that evening.

He arrived early. Nannie endeavored to be gracious, but soon excused herself, leaving Agatha to her lover, the boys having both gone out. And Agatha, with Lewis' cruel criticism still ringing in her ears, felt as if in a dream. Fortunately Peters made no inquiries as to her brothers' opinions of the marriage. Miss Nannie had congratulated him as though all were satisfactory.

Agatha accepted his adoration quite passively, and at last, when he had gone, retired to her own room to pity him and weep for him, and tell herself how much she loved him.

But as the winter slipped away the engagement was announced, and, having remained unbroken, Agatha's brothers even began to feel resigned.

The quiet, intense devotion of Norman Peters was touching. He worshiped his betrothed; to him she was a very goddess.

"If," thought Nannie, with a softened regret, "if he were only not quite so small! If he were only a half-inch taller, to be of even height with Agatha!"

Meanwhile poor Agatha was fretting herself to death. A thousand little heartless sarcasms and glances of ridicule, to which Peters, in his great happiness, was utterly oblivious, were constantly stabbing her. Night after night she passed in wakeful agony, the idea of breaking the engagement never once occurring to her. She was sure she loved him, and she realized the depth of his devotion. She endeavored to rise above morbid sensitiveness, telling herself that people would cease their cruel ways when they saw that she was determined to stand by him. But she grew thin, and her face wore a hunted expression. Mesdames Becker and Fortescue now began to circulate pretty little stories about her—ingeniously constructed but untruthful romances.

Nothing very bad, for Agatha was a woman to whom no doubtful mist could cling for a moment; but whispers of "coquetry," "blighted hopes," "girlish folly" and "last resort," which, blown from lip to lip on the dubious breath of friendship, came at last to vex the ears of the Fosters. Agatha only grew more pale. Stormy Lewis, however, one day confroted Miss Fortescue in the hall before his sister's room.

"I can tell you, madame, that you must discontinue your talk of my sister," he cried, angrily.

Agatha came out. "Oh, Lewis, dear."

He took her by the arm. "Go back, Gath. I've a matter to settle with this lady. She knows what mischief she has been trying to work, and I intend the talk shall cease, or I will take measures she may not admire!"

Without a word Miss Fortescue turned and fled.

"I was sorry for her," said Agatha; "she looked so guilty and helpless."

"I declare, I haven't much patience with you," exclaimed her brother, "to think that you would defend her, and she every day assailing your good name. But all your ways of late are provoking. You are going to marry a man you don't love, because you pity him. For heaven's sake, why didn't you pity some one suitable"—

She trembled with excitement and passion.

"Lewis, if you have the least particle of love or respect for me, you will never speak so again. I *do* love Norman, and it would kill me if anything should break the engagement!"

Lewis quit her presence, crestfallen.

The days slipped by. There had been no definite date fixed for the wedding, nor was the subject discussed by the family.

None but Nannie knew the terrible tremor in which the girl existed. She was ever moving about, her hands constantly occupied. Day after day, rain or shine, the two women were out of doors. They had always an errand, usually one of mercy. Nannie, however disinclined, would have felt it a sin to oppose, and so Agatha dragged her off through the flitting sunshine, the moodiness, the chill, or the storm of the spring-time, until one last morning.

It had been raining for three days, and so steadily that the sidewalk flags were cleaned and whitened.

Agatha said they would not be hampered with a carriage, and they took a car for a mile or so, alighting to walk a few squares to another line. The storm had abated, and the rain was but a listless drizzle.

Agatha slipped and slid once, and Nannie gave a frightened exclamation.

"My overshoes are useless," said the girl, carelessly. "I must have another pair. I have a good deal of shopping to do soon."

"Your outfit"—ventured Nannie, and stopped.

Agatha sighed, but her sigh was lost in the noise of the street.

A poor little yellow dog limped out from under a passing vehicle, holding up one paw and yelping pitifully.

"Oh, see!" cried Agatha, with her eyes wet. "Poor, poor doggie! I am so sorry!"

The yelps died away in the distance, and the ladies went on.

A blind man crying: "Cough lozenges!" upon the corner detained them for a moment.

In the next block an old building had been torn away to give place to a new one. Careless workmen had left the sidewalk unguarded in one place, a step from which would have landed one in a deep cellar, where lay a number of loose foundation stones.

Just as they had reached this spot they were brought to a sudden halt by loud cries and confusion. Down the street, and directly toward them, came a runaway team dragging a splendid carriage.

Agatha took an irresolute step forward, and then sprang back as the horses dashed up against the sidewalk.

The women were thus separated, and in a second Nannie was reaching forward, cold with horror.

"Agatha!" she cried, but too late. The girl had lost her balance, and had fallen backward from the unguarded sidewalk down into the deep cellar, and there lay upon the stones limp and unconscious.

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She would live, sadly crippled and helpless, the spine had been injured and one hip dislocated. So said the best of surgeons. She would henceforth require all care and tenderness.

"Thank God, she is not poor!" cried Nannie. As for the boys, George was completely crushed, and Lewis paced the floor for hours, crying for "his poor, poor sister!"

Agatha insisted upon hearing the worst, and, when it was made known was very silent. By and by Nannie could see great tears trembling under the long, dark eyelashes.

"I would not mind," faltered the sufferer, "but for him. Who will love and care for him now?"

Then she asked that he be sent for at once. When he arrived, Nannie and the boys were in the room, but they withdrew to the window. Peters' face was as pale as Agatha's own.

"Norman, dear," she said, without preface, "I am a cripple for life. I may never walk again. I sent for you—to give you back your freedom."

A frightened expression overspread his countenance; his lip quivered, and he sank on his knees by the bed and buried his face.

"Agatha, darling!" he cried, with real pathos, "don't, don't cast me off! You are a thousand times dearer to me now. All I ask is the right to care for you"—his voice broke, and he fell to weeping.

By the window three persons heard it all. They looked in silence at each other, then Lewis strode swiftly across the room.

"Peters," he said, "we haven't done right by you. I, myself, have acted despicably. But if you will forgive and forget, I will be very different in the future."

Then Peters, who had risen, stood silent and bewildered till, through the mist the room grew suddenly bright, for they had encircled him and were clasping his hands with loving warmth.

And as Agatha lay watching she raised a feeble hand to stay the tears that coursed her cheeks.

"I never thought," she sobbed aloud, "I never dreamed I could be made so happy!"—*Lily M. Curry, in Our Continent.*

Wouldn't be Caught.

The editor of the *Texas Siftings* recently took a trip across the State, and to judge by the following incident he had a lively time:

"Stopping at a water-hole, I dismounted," he says, "and handed the doctor a cup of water. In returning the cup he let it fall on the ground, starting my pony and causing him to run about fifty yards.

"As he stopped and began to graze, I paid no attention to him, expecting, after attending to the demands of my thirsty throat, to walk up to him and mount.

"He let me walk to within five paces of his head. He had no objection to my walk. The fact is, and I regret to bear witness to it, he seemed rather to enjoy seeing me walk.

"Just as I was about to reach out to catch the bridle, he walked off. Then I began to run. So did he. He evidently enjoyed this acceleration of speed on my part, even more than he had previously enjoyed my walking gait. He ran a short distance with his head down, apparently chuckling to himself at my discomfiture; then, throwing his heels up in the air, he cantered around me in a circle, neighing in a derisive manner.

"When I stopped he would stop, and wait until I almost caught up with him. He was always on the alert, however, and stood with his tail elevated, ready to go off at the slightest increase of speed in my movements.

"What added to the interest of the entertainment was that when the vile mustang started, the coffee-pot and other loose articles of virtue attached to the saddle kept flopping around, increasing his hilarity and causing him to perform gratuitous antics that no one would have ever thought the brute capable of performing.

"The result of this was that from the moment he started to run he began shedding my portable property, loose articles first, then the contents of my saddle-bags, one article at a time, leaving a train of tin-ware and notions to mark his erratic course.

"This necessitated following in his tracks, that I might pick up my scattered belongings. Here, a tooth-brush; there, a bar of soap; over yonder, a towel hanging on a withered cactus; and the coffe-pot, with the handle broken and the lid gone, jammed among the thorns; further on, my note-book in a puddle of water, and the photograph of somebody with golden hair smiling at me out of a bunch of violet-colored flowers.

"After two hours spent in fruitless endeavor to catch my pony, and after trying all manner of deceitful devices to entrap him, such as walking up toward him with a handful of choice grass, and offering it to him in the most respectful manner and sweetest tone of voice, and in holding a hat toward him in such a manner as to suggest that it contained about two quarts of shelled corn—after all this had failed, he caught himself by entangling a rope, that hung loose from his neck, in the branches of a low mesquite."

—The fastest run on a railway by a full train yet recorded was made between Philadelphia and Jersey City recently—ninety miles in eighty minutes. The engine, Jumbo, is new and has seven-foot drivers.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A Corrupt Organization.

The specious plea of Congressman Russell to shake off the responsibility and odium of being a party to the robbery of the clerks employed by the Federal Government, for the benefit of the Republican party and the bosses in particular, is before the people. He admits in his letter he did consent to the first "request," but as to what "the Executive Committee" have since done he does not know, but has forwarded a protest against the second assessment. So much for one of these high-toned Massachusetts Congressmen. He does not say how much any one of his several bank accounts has been decreased by his own contribution to "the fund," whether it was two or four per cent. of his salary as Congressman, or anything whatever. Does this assessment committee, one of whom comes from Massachusetts, assess themselves? Is the President of the United States assessed? Is the acting Vice-President? Are the Judiciary of the United States? Are the Cabinet Ministers? If not, why are the clerks and subordinates, each of whom in his department is as much in degree a part of the United States Government, as are these officers? This oppression of the poor and humble, this throwing the burden of taxation on those least able to bear it, is only a part of the whole Republican policy. The doctrine of servants and masters. Under the malign policy inaugurated and continued by that party, the masses, whether clerks or citizens out of Government employ, are merely tools, subservient to and mere instruments of those in power, to be taxed, not merely for such sums as may be actually necessary for the imperative expenses of a Government economically administered, but for jobs to build up rings and favorites through whose profits from public plunder the assessment fund may be swelled. For these ends heavy taxes and high tariffs are continued year by year that a large surplus may accumulate, from which vast appropriations are made, useless offices and an army of officials yearly increased, and assessments levied all round to create a fund to buy up and demoralize the corrupt, the ignorant and unthinking, until at last liberty falls and corruption and despotism reign supreme.

They rob the Treasury to pay high salaries, that the assessed may pay larger sums, thus taking from the Treasury indirectly, what they soon will take directly, to keep the set of men in power who even in Massachusetts have stood up and own they are engaged in this business. Yet such practices have now become so common, that the public press treat these things as jokes, and hold up one of the committee, Hubbell, as the chief operator, when he is only one of an approving committee, an approving Administration, an approving party. Congressman Hubbell and Congressman Russell and the rest may be renominated and voted for by their party. They do and will probably continue to represent it. Pray, how long would this state of things continue did the Administration really protect their subordinate officers from the extortionate demands, not only of this committee, but from others of its chief followers? "There's no use fooling with Billy Mahone," exclaims a clerk at Washington who has just paid fourteen per cent. of his eighteen hundred dollars salary to keep up "the grand old party" in his State under the lead of Mahone. Why? Because the aforesaid Billy has the President of the United States and his Cabinet behind him to enforce his decrees; the subordinate officials know that Mahone and the agents of Congressman Russell's committee will be sustained by the Administration in their demands. They know they must deliver their money or their official positions. Yet Mr. James G. Blaine talks of the grand record of his party and claims all that is great and good on the earth as the result of its policy, forgetting that for sixty years ere his party was, that this Republic, under the wise and prudent administrations of the Democratic party, had firmly established liberty and made this country great, prosperous and free, the refuge of the oppressed of all lands. Had made the great principle of local self-government the rule, and the supremacy of man over his accident of birth, or of wealth, or position, another leading fundamental principle. Had made the grand results of their policy and work possible, and the progress of these ideas throughout not only this continent, but also throughout the world, irresistible. Their Presidents had some other restful employment than riding fox hunts and attending polo races, and a navy which could be used for some other purpose than for yachting excursions for the Presidential and Cabinet junkets. At last the masses of the people see that this policy of waste and extravagance, this taxing through tariffs and other extortions, this free trade in labor and high taxes in everything else, is leading to a despotism meaner than any in history, and the reform wave will sweep out of power those who alone exist because of these things. That party must be at a low ebb when men like Blaine and Hubbell, Mahone and Arthur are great.—*Boston Post.*

A Bad Investment.

If there is a man in this country upon whom the Republicans, in and out of Congress, have for years expended their bitterest wrath and their fiercest denunciation, it is James R. Chalmers, of Mississippi. He has been denounced constantly by them as the contriver of the brutal massacre at Fort Pillow. His name has been used in every Republican campaign since the close of the civil war to excite the passionate resentment of Northern voters.

Mr. Chalmers recently represented in Congress the Sixth District of Mississippi, but was ousted by John R. Lynch, the present colored member. Many Democrats gave Chalmers the benefit of their doubts in sustaining his claim to the seat, while many others believed that he was not fairly elected, although he had something of a technical case. Chalmers complained loudly because the Democrats did not filibuster in order to keep him in his seat. It now appears that at the very time Chalmers was making this complaint he was preparing the way for the course he has since taken.

It is alleged that, as the result of certain negotiations with William E. Chandler, Chalmers is now a candidate for Congress in the Second District of Mississippi against the regular Democratic nominee, and is backed by the power, the prestige, and the patronage of the Administration. It is said that his father-in-law, his brother-in-law, and several of his friends have already been appointed to offices. On a small scale, he is playing the part of Mahone, and the Republicans of Mississippi are expected not only to vote for "the infamous hero of Fort Pillow," as they have been accustomed to describe Chalmers, but they will be required to give up the idea of running a straight Republican candidate of their own.

Mr. Riddleberger, the author of the repudiation scheme in Virginia, and the man who furnishes the brains and the audacity for Mahone's movement, said, in a recent speech: "We are for Arthur because he is for us." The trading politicians in Tennessee who failed to get office from the Democrats are for Arthur because he is for them. And now comes "the infamous hero of Fort Pillow," who is for Arthur because Arthur, or Chandler, is for him.

William E. Chandler is peculiarly fitted to make bargains with Chalmers and other Democrats in the South, who, having no further hopes from their own party, are quite willing to sell out to anybody that will buy. But it is a bad investment for the Administration.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Hubbellism.

It is not an uncommon thing to see in a Republican journal denunciation of Jay Arabi Hubbell for his course in levying political assessments, and here and there a Republican county convention has attacked him by name.

By reason of his capacity as Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, Mr. Hubbell is placed in a conspicuous position as chief of the Republican tribe of assessors, and cannot fairly complain of assaults made by journals or persons who are opposed to the iniquitous, corrupt and extortionate methods by which the Republicans raise money for campaign purposes. It is an outrage that any man or set of men can be permitted to forage for campaign supplies through the departments at Washington and in every nook and corner in the land where Federal office-holders can be found. It is demoralizing to the service, degrading to the individual who is victimized, and expensive to the public in that the necessity for looting is instrumental in keeping superfluous men in office, in maintaining many salaries at exorbitant figures, and in getting many worthless men into places to the exclusion of those who are in every respect their superiors. Those who are conscientiously opposed to the spoils system attack Hubbell as the present head of that system in the Republican party organization. The work which he does, or which is done under his authority, is belittling and degrading. It is not of a kind that a man with a political conscience would fancy. His stomach would revolt at it. Hubbell, however, does it from choice. There is no law to compel him to be at the head of the campaign looters. If he did not relish leading the raid upon the salaries of the office-holders, he could readily get out of it. He well knows that people who are not controlled by the machine regard the business as low and mean. If he, therefore, chooses to do low and mean business, he must take the consequences.

But Jay Arabi Hubbell has a right to demand that the Republican abuse of him should cease, and that the Republican party press should hasten to his vindication. He is doing nothing not strictly in accordance with Republican practice, if not precept. Not one of the Republican papers which denounce him but would rejoice over a Republican triumph in any State election, even if notoriously bought with the plunder which Arabi and his hosts had gathered. Not one but would call it "a famous victory" if the Republicans carried a doubtful district through the "assistance" which Arabi and his committee rendered. As a party the Republican organization stands ready and willing to avail itself of anything and everything which Jay Arabi will do for it. If he failed to fill the campaign coffers he would be denounced as unworthy and inefficient. But because to fill these coffers he is zealous in his demands for blood-money, some Republicans jeer at and assail him. This treatment is eminently Republican. The party professes to be highly moral, but there is not a crime in the political calendar which it would not commit for the sake of party success, while at the same time proclaiming its own virtues. It pockets and uses the money Arabi Hubbell raises, and permits its members to point the finger of scorn at him, as if he, unaided or without the machinery of a great party at his back, could make the office-holders, laborers and scrub-women in the employ of the United States stand and deliver.

If Jay Arabi should at once resign his position as Chairman of the Republican Committee his place would at once be filled and the work of extorting money would be continued in operation at the old stand. Just as likely as not his successor would be some hypocritical Republican who now rolls his eyes and solemnly affirms there is need of Civil-Service Reform, but who, if made chief of the machine robbers, would try to surpass the record of Arabi Hubbell as a predatory chief.

There are many thousands of honest and misguided people in the country who think they are doing their whole political duty if they denounce Arabi Hubbell and his works. In doing this they simply rail at the effect without touching the cause. Hubbellism is the product of Republicanism—the ripened fruit of the "grand old party." It will survive and flourish just as long as the people nourish the party from which it springs. Let them withdraw their support from the Republican party and with the languishing of the party tree there will be an end to the Hubbell fruit.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Miss Richards, who has been traveling about in Wisconsin organizing woman's suffrage clubs, says that her greatest opposition comes from young unmarried women, who imagine that men will not like them so well if they advocate the woman's suffrage cause.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Shakespeare is the name of a Philadelphia lawyer whose specialty is theatrical litigation.